

this effort is their text from which they are to preach their sermon.

There can be no question that the Christ would to-day support all manly and innocent pastimes. So, to meet the needs of the long wintry evenings we have commandeered the two small jails in our district and converted them into clubs, with a library and games, which have been supplemented by the importation of footballs made of rubber for service on the snow. This has become so popular that our Eskimo women join the game with their babies in their hoods, and seal-skin footballs stuffed with dry grass have sprung into existence all along the coast.

The toys, which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the North, had hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the jovial celebrations that formed oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the North again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah's arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas tree on the birthday of the Saviour no less a message of the love of God to these many birthdayless children, who thus keep their own on that day.

We have become residuary legatees for all the real estate in the orphan children line. Some years ago I buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sandspit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell, were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, I advertised twice in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on I visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday-school or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children." I was glad she could not speak at the prayer-meetings. Perhaps after all we grade our Christians by a wrong standard. How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? Is it one of the